

December, 1958

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ST. FRANCIS XAVIER

great pioneer modern missionary whose cry "*Repent ye*" was heard over a vast area and won many souls to Christ.

His feast is on December 3rd

The Holy Cross Magazine

Dec.



1958

Return To Africa

BY REV. SYDNEY J. ATKINSON, O.H.C.

ATHER ATKINSON began his work in the Holy Cross Liberian Mission as a lay brother of the Order, arriving in Africa in 1948. He was ordained to the Diaconate by the Bishop of Liberia in Monrovia and later Priested in St. Mary's Church, Bolahun by the Rt. Rev. Percy Jones, a native African bishop from Freetown, Sierra Leone.

In April 1955 Fr. Atkinson was recalled to the mother house of the Order to serve as novice Master. In August of this year he returned to the African Mission. The following article is his newsletter from Bolahun.

—Ed.

It does not seem possible that I have already been back here one month and ten days; but such is the case. And yet, in other ways, so much has happened it seems much longer. Certainly it is hard now to project one's mind back to the luxurious clipper plane I came over on.

There was a goodly assemblage of friends and Idlewild to see me off on August 30th, including executive members of The Episcopal Churchmen for South Africa, Miss Lucienne

Sanchez and her former Liberian ward Falla, and Festus Halay. We had a good trip over, stopping first at Boston. Next we went up to Gander to refuel before setting out across the briny deep. Early in the morning (of course, as we were heading towards the sun, it was a short night!) we reached Santa Maria on the Azores, and, towards noon, Lisbon. The next lap took us mostly over the Atlantic, but part of the time we were over the Sahara, where it seems to roll right into the ocean. I fulfilled my promise to the translator to read part of Simon Weil's *Intimations of Christianity* up over the desert. The airport at Dakar looked impressive, but this was unfortunately offset by one of the worst plagues of flies I have ever experienced. I was sorry the rest of the trip was in darkness so that we saw nothing of Sierra Leone or Liberia. We arrived at Robertsfield around 10:30 p.m. One of the customs inspectors turned out to be Mr. Thomas (done up in a fine khaki uniform) who used to be so kind to us when he was collector near Bolahun at Foya Customs.

Sam Fiore from the Bishop's House met

me and drove me back to Monrovia. I had met Sam before in America, but under very different circumstances. That was when I was conducting a parish mission in New Jersey at the beginning of Lent and the blizzard struck! The Fiore family (Mr. and Mrs. and three girls) seem to be doing well in the Monrovia home. I had a most pleasant few days with them. Of course, there was the usual round of going to government offices to register etc., in the course of which I saw many old friends. There was a continual stream of visiting school boys at the Bishop's House and I also got one chance of going out along Camp Johnson Road and visiting some of our former Mission people. It was grand to see them all. On Thursday, September 4, Sam drove me out to Payne Field where I got the bi-weekly Liberian National Airways plane up-country. On the way up our old friend and pilot, Ken Wagner, took me forward and we listened to Kit Cone's voice giving us the weather report for the hinterland. For the first time it was brought home to me that there really was a Radio Bolahun! Imagine being able to broadcast from St. Athanasius' Monastery! The ceiling was low, as Kit had predicted, and we overshot our mark; so I had a quick glance of Kpekedou in French Guinea (which has since become the Republic of Guinea) before we headed back to Foya Kamara. Fr. Gill was on hand to meet us and I saw the second major transportation improvement since I left three years ago; the Dodge Powerwagon. It is perfectly wonderful. It can carry in one trip a load which would have taken scores of porters in the old days. With the winch on the front, it can haul itself up slippery hills where there is no traction—and it can also haul itself out of streams when bridges break down!

Bolahun Welcome

So it did not take us very long to drive from the airfield to Bolahun. What a reception! There were two new Sisters whom I had not met before and great quantities of young fry who have come to the schools more recently. But there were many old friends to greet. One's heart and eyes cannot but fill up as the prayers and hymn of thanksgiving are offered first thing in the

church. Then up the hill to the monastery to get oneself sorted out, have "small chop" and a bath, and unpack. That night all the staff had fine chop together at Miss Juchter's house and I sensed a good spirit of co-operation on all sides which has not diminished since.

For local work I have been given Sacred Studies in the 5th and 6th grades, the latter being mostly boys who are preparing for Baptism. I am also coaching a high school senior in French. Aside from these I am in charge of church music and conduct a sacred studies class every Tuesday in church for all of St. Philip's School. This is particularly intriguing, and you have to be on your toes all the time because of the subtle questions which are thrown at you. On my second day I was put to work with the power saw (another new improvement) and learned that rubber trees certainly can gum up the works. But this aspect of my labors did not last long as I was soon sent out on patrol.

Off on Trek

As there have been only three priests here and they have been pretty much tied to Bolahun, the outstations have not been getting much in the way of sacramental ministrations. My first trek was to Vahun in the Mende country. I must admit that I looked forward to this trip with some fear and trepidation. After all, it was three years since I had tramped the jungle trails. American life had softened me—in fact, my African friends in their characteristically forthright manner did not hesitate to tell me that I was now "too fat." And here I was starting off on the longest of our patrols. I imagine Vahun is something like thirty miles from Bolahun and on the way you have to go through dense forest and climb a mountain! Well, I certainly was most thankful to the good Lord to find that my legs could still function, even though the avoirdupois which I had to carry around was greater than it used to be.

I found great changes and yet many things were the same. The towns still lie glowing goldenly in the sun, but they do not have the people they used to have. So many of the younger men have gone down to the coast. I had a school boy and two carriers with me

and I think we made quite a companionable journey. Since we were going through the forest, I took a rifle along, but we did not see even a monkey. A few years ago there would have been flocks of them swinging through the trees. But there are more guns here now and so the animals have retreated back farther. In one town we stopped for a short rest and I was thrilled to meet a former leper patient of mine who is now cured. He is a most personable young man and is now a chief's messenger. It was in this town that a man came over to snap fingers and I was sur-

prised to notice that he extended two hands (this is usually done only when one wants to show great affection and I did not know this man). Then, as I looked down at his hands, I saw a large snake wrapped around his left wrist! I gulped but managed to realize in time that it must be harmless, otherwise he would not have it. Guessing that he was just trying to have some fun with the white man, I managed to behave more or less nonchalantly which caused great laughter amongst the bystanders. It was a young Python. *(To be continued)*



The Joy Of Sacramental Confession

BY VIRGINIA GILES

"These things have I spoken unto you, that my joy may be in you, and that your joy may be full" (John 15:11). That was the reason our Lord gave us for keeping His loving commandments.

Many devout and sincere Christians are unaware that the Sacrament of Penance is part of our heritage as Anglicans, and that it is increasingly coming to resume its rightful place among us as a normal and natural ingredient in a healthy spiritual life. Still, how do we realize how great a joy this Sacrament can be once it becomes as basic in the

rule of life as daily prayer and the Eucharist. It is in the hope of sharing with my fellow laymen something of the joy that has come to me through sacramental confession that I write now, urging others who may be timid about it to discover for themselves its blessings. To experience it is to be reassured that fears are groundless.

But why should there be a special sacrament for the forgiveness of sins? Why not just the General Confession and general absolution in our regular church worship? Why should not our sins remain a private

affair between ourselves and God? It is perfectly true that God's forgiveness is not limited to the Sacrament of Penance and that contrition expressed in private and corporate worship can be sufficient. We can always turn to God the moment we are aware of having sinned, can always ask His forgiveness and feel sure of receiving it. But we so seldom do!

The trouble is that it is so terribly easy to float comfortably on the wave of corporate confession and feel pleasantly pious without really coming to grips with our own sins. Especially if our standards are essentially those of respectability. We can feel so satisfied as "nice" members of "nice" churches in "nice" communities so long as we don't commit the grosser sins that "other" people do. In fact we can rely so heavily on this bolstering of our self-esteem that we slip into a situation of deadly spiritual peril without even realizing that something is wrong. That's what it means to be a nominal Christian, and is probably as grave a danger as any facing the Church today.

But what of the people who really love God, and are honestly trying to follow our Lord, especially all those who are not in a state of mortal sin? Why sacramental confession then? Chiefly because once we have set out in earnest on the adventure of the Christian life we become increasingly aware of the love of God toward us, and of our failure to respond to Him, and of our need for *every* means of grace He has provided to help us on our way.

Once we honestly ask God to show us our sins as *He* sees them, we begin to get glimpses of His love, and in that Light we are gradually enabled to face ourselves as we actually are. That is the crucial thing—seeing God's love. Immediately the whole matter of sin is lifted out of the realm of breaking rules (which to our blinded eyes so often seem arbitrary, rather than the life and death axioms that God's commandments actually are), and is seen in its true light. Sin is utterly personal, just as love is. Sin does not break rules: sin breaks hearts, lives.

As long as we are primarily concerned with keeping rules we are preoccupied with self—self-righteousness rather than love of God, love of man. Once we begin to receive from God the blessing of true repentance a wonderful process is set in motion which continues throughout life in this world. As the vision of God's love becomes slowly clearer our sorrow for having grieved Him deepens, and we long to come closer and ever closer to Him, to do what He wants us to do, simply because we love Him. That is joy.

Bitter self-reproach and self-recrimination which is often mistakenly thought of as repentance, is a dreadfully destructive process. Motivated largely by fear and pride, it is a constant turning in, a form of self-laceration and spiritual suicide. The eyes of the soul are fixed on the past, on self.

Left to our own devices, we would not be capable of anything more than such remorse once we became aware of our failings. Real repentance is a gift from God which He is only too eager to give us. But we must reach out and ask for it. Once we do, we discover to our amazement that, far from being the horror we feared, it is a joy beyond all expectations. In repentance the heart looks out and up to God in love and is filled with peace and joy. That is part of the joy God longs to give us.

And because sin is personal and repentance is personal, our Lord who perfectly understood our needs made a special provision for specific personal forgiveness. After His Resurrection when He empowered His disciples to become priests, "Jesus said to them again, 'Peace be unto you. As the Father has sent me, even so send I you' (John 20: 21). And so important to the ministry did He consider the forgiveness of sins that in the next moment ". . . He breathed on them, and said unto them, 'Receive ye the Holy Ghost: whose sins ye forgive, they are forgiven; and whose sins ye retain, they are retained.'" These same words are even today prayed at the laying on of hands in the ordination of our priests.

Book of Common Prayer, P. 546) and are the scriptural basis for the Sacrament of Penance which was an integral part of the life of the undivided Church almost from the beginning. This Sacrament, along with the Supreme Sacrament of Holy Communion, we receive over and over again throughout life.

Our Lord, being both God and truly man, saw with absolute clarity the ravages of sin in our lives. He, and He alone, saw simultaneously the glorious beings the Father intended us, His human children, to be, and the hideously crippled creatures we have become through our own sins. We are spiritually blind and therefore don't see, but the saints, who are closer to the truth, have caught glimpses of our actual condition. Seeing our Lord was heartbroken. With His whole Being He longed to the utmost to make us whole and free, full of joy and love. The Crucifixion is the measure of His longing, His love.

We take sin and its effects so much for granted that unless we are undergoing some great crisis which shakes us to the depths of our being, it is hard for us to realize how absolutely real God's love is or how desperately we need Him. Our God-given longing for union with Him is buried under dusty layers of hankering for gadgets and transitory pleasures which have not the slightest power to satisfy us. We are lulled to complacency.

Perhaps if we think of some physical comparisons we can more nearly see our actual situation. Think of the person you love most dearly in all the world—perhaps husband or wife, child or parent. Imagine being summoned to the scene of a head-on automobile collision and finding your loved one barely alive but horribly mangled. Or think of your loved one sick with a deadly disease. Of course you would try to rush him to the nearest hospital and would spare no effort to see that he was given the very best medical and spiritual help possible. In the midst of fear and grief our only joy would be to

do all in our power to help and, God willing, to see the beloved person gradually come back to life.

The Church has been aptly called a hospital for sinners. If we are in a state of mortal sin—cut off from God by our own deliberate decision to rebel against Him in a serious matter—we are more desperately in need of immediate skillful help than the per-



INFANT ST. JOHN BAPTIST

"Repent ye!" cried John, and they "were baptized of Him in Jordan, confessing their sins."

Bust by Andrea della Robbia (Courtesy of the National Gallery of Art, Washington, D.C. — Kress Collection)

soul shattered in the automobile collision because the core of life itself—the immortal soul—is at the point of death. But, unlike medical help even at its best, the Sacraments of Penance and then Holy Communion can immediately restore the soul to life and set in motion once more the flow of grace, the life-blood of the soul. It is God's joy, and the joy of Heaven, to have even one beloved child brought back to life—no matter how

great the sin was. And it is the joy of the sinner who was once essentially dead to be alive and try to go on.

But whether the sin has been serious or relatively trivial, it is precisely at the point where we decide to do our utmost to become real Christians that the spiritual battle begins in earnest. Not only do blessings deepen and multiply, but temptations too. Because of our fallen state and weakened by our former sins, we find it extremely difficult to keep our baptismal vows, which we probably considered neither very real nor very important as long as we were merely nominal Christians. But as we progress in the spiritual life the downward pull of the world, the flesh, and the devil all take on new significance.

By and large the world is man- and self-centered—not God-centered. America, although nominally Christian, is no exception, and the pressures to conform to the standard of nice prosperous respectability are strong and insidious. To try to break out of that pattern, even in order to become a true follower of Christ, is practically a sin in the eyes of the world. And our self-love and self-concern are on the side of conformity. Scarcely do we rise from our knees in prayer before we feel the tug of self urging us to “fit in,” and how easy it is to rationalize doing so! Similarly we find the devil to be a formidable opponent—not the quaint mediaeval superstition we had hitherto supposed him to be. The moment we try to go into action for Christ we are necessarily on active combat duty against all that is most rotten and cruel in life. And that’s a real battle!

The Christian life is supremely difficult whatever our circumstances, wherever we are called to serve. But it is also a glorious challenge which we long to meet. And although we fall down over and over again, we can always be sure that God is absolutely on our side, rejoicing in giving us everything to insure victory. And on our side, to reach out to God for every means of help He offers is to grow constantly in strength and joy.

As we have said, the Sacrament of Penance is a source of help we can only rejoice to make our own. But only those who have experienced it can know what a blessing this Sacrament is. What actually happens? How do you make a confession?

There are many excellent tracts which explain it fully, and any experienced priest is happy to give instruction and to help us over the hurdle of a first confession. Briefly, we go into a quiet place, preferably a church or chapel where the Blessed Sacrament is reserved, and ask God to show us how we have failed to respond to His love, to help us to be truly sorry, and to give us strength to do better. God always answers this prayer in a way that is utterly personal. . . . Each time we experience it, we can only adore.

Whether or not we use a regular guide to self-examination we then write down as briefly as possible in plain language whatever sins we can remember having committed, never intentionally holding back anything. Naturally there is much that we forget, but God understands that. There are no “because’s.” God, and God alone, knows completely the ramifications in the tangled web of sin. We simply take responsibility for our own behavior. Each time we do so we have the privilege of snipping one thread in that web of sin. And each thread that is cut helps a little to free not only ourselves from the bond of sin, but every other human being. Even though our Lord did it all for us on Calvary, it is one of the mysteries of His love that He permits us this share in the work of redemption.

When we have finished our preparation we kneel beside the priest at the appointed time and place. There is a printed form to guide us through the Sacrament. We read the list of sins we have written down, asking the priest for help if we need it to make ourselves clear. Then the priest gives us advice to help us on our way, and a Collec-

Psalm for our penance to be prayed before we leave the church. Finally he blesses us, and absolves us of *all* our sins. "Go in peace. The Lord hath put away all thy sin."

"The peace of God which passes all understanding" comes into our souls. Just as with each Communion the peace deepens and widens so does the blessing flow and flow with each confession.



There is no fuss or commotion, no clumsy robing in this Sacrament, any more than in the Eucharist. In holy privacy we kneel beside our earthly father in God and lay down the dreadful burden of our most shameful secrets. There is nothing too petty, too ugly, too rotten or loathsome to lay down at the foot of the Cross of Jesus Christ.

God's priests are not easily shocked—they have few illusions about us even though we may imagine they think us sweet and lovely. Our sins are completely open to God. Therefore it is largely a matter of facing our own sins squarely and doing something concrete and specific to get rid of them. Trying to do ourselves in our own strength is a losing battle. In fact it is impossible. If we could rid ourselves of sin there would never have been any need for the Incarnation. We ac-

knowledge this every time we turn to God with repentant love, and especially whenever we receive the Sacrament of Penance. That is the very specific something we can do to overcome sin.

Even though God wipes the slate clean with every confession and we are as free of guilt as newborn babies at the Baptismal font, because of our weakness we inevitably fall over and over again. For a long long time our confessions may sound like victrola records playing in endless repetition. We feel as though we are getting nowhere at all, or even losing ground in the steep climb to Heaven. But every once in a while there is a clearing on the trail and we can look back to a landmark we have passed. We see that we have made a little progress. Some besetting sin actually has less of a stranglehold on us, and we know it! We can go on with renewed strength and hope, with joy.

But isn't it horribly embarrassing to make a confession? Yes. Our pride takes a dreadful beating. The dirty frumpy rags of pretense we have been wearing, imagining ourselves beautifully dressed, fall away leaving us in our actual nakedness. But that is part of the medicine for our souls. Our pride cuts us off from God's love. Even though He goes on loving us no matter what we do, we are unable to respond until we have allowed Him to humble us. In the midst of our embarrassment it is well to remember that God sees us just as we are—pathetically crippled distortions of the beautiful beings He wants us to be—but, far from recoiling in disgust, He is full of compassionate longing to help us if only we will let Him.

When we are tempted to protect our pride and avoid sacramental confession, perhaps we can remind ourselves that once we are sufficiently disturbed about our physical health we willingly undergo examination and treatment from doctors and nurses which we may find humiliating. We do that much for our bodies. Should we do less for our souls? Should we refuse the sacramental medicine God has provided for us through His priests, our spiritual doctors?



ST. AMBROSE — whose feast is December 7, is shown here repelling the Emperor Theodosius from Holy Communion. Private regret was not sufficient to absolve the ruler of the world.

Moreover we should remember that forgiveness received in this way is a *Sacrament*—God's own pledge that we receive exactly all that He promises, the perfect medicine for our souls. Only by actual experience can we realize how different this is from simply talking things over with someone—friend, doctor, or priest—no matter how wise and loving that person may be. The help we receive in such relationships is of course a gift from God and, like all blessings, something for which we are truly grateful. But the Sacrament, precisely because it is a Sacrament, transcends such human help. We repeat: it is *God's* specifically appointed way of meeting a specific need of ours.

Therefore the efficacy of the Sacrament of Penance does not depend on the personality or skill of the priest, as is so often the case in merely human relationships. On the contrary, even if the confessor should be inept or his advice seem to be wide of the mark—this occasionally happens since priests are human too—this does not in any way spoil the Sacrament itself. Our sins are completely forgiven, we are restored to oneness with God. So, even if our feelings are somewhat ruffled, it simply doesn't matter. We

can rejoice and be on our way again.

Some of us have the good fortune to belong to one of the many parishes in the Anglican Communion all over the world in which priests are hearing confessions at regularly posted hours. In other parishes confession is by special appointment only. In still others sacramental confession is relatively unknown. But wherever in the Church we laymen are situated, we should never hesitate to ask our priests for this blessing. It is truly part of the "goodly heritage" God has given us and wants us to use as practicing Christians.

Perhaps by the grace of God if we laymen do ask more and more for the Sacrament of Penance our priests will be encouraged to work for the day when it will be as natural and normal a part of the spiritual life of every parish as Morning Prayer and the Holy Eucharist are now. As that day approaches God will be enabled to cut away more and more of the diseased rotting tissue of our souls and fill us till we overflow with the healthy, happy, holy Life of Jesus Christ our Lord. May we all take our part in this joy, hastening the coming of God's kingdom.

Even So We Speak

BY MARION F. DANE

Between the innocence of baptism and the exuberance of young adulthood, there stands in the life of every good little Episcopalian a number of beings known as Church School teachers. Church School teachers come in assorted sizes, shapes, and colors, but all have the same objective: To teach children to direct every second of every minute of every hour of every day of their lives toward the salvation of their souls, the honor of the church, and the glory of God.

Church School teachers are found everywhere—in the middle of a pew full of squirming five-year-olds, at the head of a group

of buzzing pre-teens, on the losing end of a picnic tug-of-war, at the bottom of a pile of dusty costumes in search of the Angel Gabriel's other wing. The rector encourages them, parents cooperate with them, the congregation forgets them, and children become immune to them.

A Church School teacher is Gentility handling sticky paste jars and crumbling crayons, Animation telling the parable of the sower for the fifth year and the seventeenth time, Wisdom delivering a lecture on the value of Church School, Authority intervening in a scrambling match to see who gets the red chair that wobbles.

She likes neat pictures, well-modulated voices, children who respond (in turn), parents who set a good example, Easter pageants (when they are all over), and piety. She hasn't much use for lessons found under the table after everyone has left, parents who forget to pick up their offspring, poor attendance, teachers' manuals which don't supply the answers to the tests, children who won't listen, and the noisy class in the other corner.

Nobody else can be so poised and so frustrated at the same time. Nobody else can be so early to class and so late to teachers' meetings. Nobody else can cram into one short session two prayers (beginning and ending), a story, a complete check on the week's memory work (five gold stars, three

red and two blue ones—and a lecture on remembering), and eleven miniature Noah's arks complete with animals, Noah, and wife.

A Church School teacher is a strange being: she gets no pay and small appreciation; she is offered little direction and meager facilities. But when the entire world trembles and reels in its vacuum of faithlessness, when a shame-faced nation views its children's wayward paths, when Christianity loses its grip on a hell-bent society, when many in the Church come and go and leave nothing of themselves behind, then it is the Church School teacher who must inspire and encourage and strengthen. For it is she to whom the children give their love; the parents, their appreciation; and the rector, his trust.

A Litany For Christian Communication

O God the Father, Who at sundry times and in divers manners hast spoken in time past unto the fathers by the prophets, and Who hast spoken unto us by thy Son;

Have mercy upon us.

O God the Son, the Word of God, Thou who wast made flesh and didst dwell among us, and Whose glory we beheld, the glory as of the only begotten of the Father;

Have mercy upon us.

O God the Holy Spirit, Who filled the Apostles on the day of Pentecost so that they began to speak with other tongues as Thou didst give them utterance, and so that the multitude heard them speak in many tongues the wonderful works of God;

Have mercy upon us.

Remember not the words of worship we have prayed to false gods and have uttered unto Thee with our lips but not with our heart's consent; remember not the words of hatred and malice we have spoken to our neighbor, nor our withholding of words of understanding and love from him;

Spare us, good Lord.

From changing communication into exploitation; from much speaking but little listening; from speaking to our neighbor in monologue rather than in dialogue; from utter isolation and the end of communication;

Good Lord, deliver us.

We beseech Thee to hear us that Thou wilt enable us to speak Thy Word, intelligibly and in integrity and by all the means that Thou hast given us, to persons whom we encounter in all the market places and on all the frontiers of life;

We beseech Thee to hear us, good Lord.

That Thou, who art love, wilt enable us to be Thine instruments so that we may obey Thy command to communicate Thy Word to all the world;

We beseech Thee to hear us, good Lord.

That Thou wilt turn us from our accusations and counteraccusations, our rationalizations and our lack of repentance, enabling us to penetrate with Thy Word the barriers of our self-interest and self-assertion;

We beseech Thee to hear us, good Lord.

That Thou wilt guide us out of the Christian ghetto into the main stream and into the front lines of life, and enable our tongues to proclaim there the scandal of Thy Gospel;

We beseech Thee to hear us, good Lord.

That Thou wilt show us the human loneliness and rejection hidden by the empty smile and, in our human encounters of anonymity at the elbow of anonymity enable us to enter into relationship with other persons as subjects to love and not as objects to use, surrendering our flag of self-interest and our sword of resentment;

We beseech Thee to hear us, good Lord.

That Thou wilt look with pity upon us who are closer together than ever before in our technologically induced togetherness, yet are farther apart from one another in charity, compassion, a sense of mutual responsibility and an understanding of one another's efforts at communication;

We beseech Thee to hear us, good Lord.

That Thou wilt gird us for the battle we must do against indifference, speaking through our actions and lives when issues are no longer intelligibly discussed and words have lost their meaning; giving us sight to penetrate our prejudices and delusions;

We beseech Thee to hear us, good Lord.

That Thou wilt edify our thinking which has been penetrated by pagan symbols of success, and clear the blurred focus with which we look at the Cross;

We beseech Thee to hear us, good Lord.

That Thou wilt guide us in our Christian use of the media of mass communication so that we claim them only for Thee, O Lord, because they are Thine; guide us so that we may not be guilty of the blasphemy of exploitation of these media in Thy Name and the name of Thy Church;

We beseech Thee to hear us, good Lord.



That we may be enabled to find Thy Word in all words, to proclaim the Christian truth which is present in all creative work;

We beseech Thee to hear us, good Lord.

That we may proclaim the Gospel story of the Manger and the Cross, of the Resurrection, the Ascension and Pentecost;

We beseech Thee to hear us, good Lord.

That Thou wilt use us in Thy speaking to all men and each man, that our communication may be sacramental in proclaiming vocation, pronouncing Thy Truth, changing the course of lives and events; that we may communicate Christian tension in the midst of un-Christian peace, and communicate that peace which passeth all understanding in the midst of the Christian's war;

We beseech Thee to hear us, good Lord.

O Lord, arise, help us, and deliver us for Thine honour.

O God, be Thou our love; O Christ, be Thou our Word; O Holy Spirit, be Thou our power.

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost.

*As it was in the beginning, is now, and
ever shall be, world without end.*

Amen.

(Reproduced by permission from *CRISIS IN COMMUNICATION* by Malcolm Boyd, published by Doubleday & Company, Inc., New York, 1957).

This was used at the Convention of Episcopal Young Churchmen, Oberlin College, Oberlin, Ohio, August, 1958. It is interesting to compare it with the Pastoral of the House of Bishops at Miami and with Bishop Brown's "Greater Than Little Rock."—Ed.

The Rev. Malcolm Boyd, author of "Crisis in Communication" (New York: Doubleday & Co., 1957) and "Christ and Celebrity Gods" (Greenwich, Conn.: The Seabury Press, 1958), brings to the Church a mind sharpened to a fine edge by his many encounters with contemporary culture as an advertising representative, television producer and motion picture executive. He knows the world of Madison Avenue and Hollywood intimately, he speaks the idiom with rare fluency, and above all, he analyzes the dichotomy between the pretensions of the present day "return to religion" and the historic faith of the Church.

A "success" in worldly terms in his mid-twenties, Fr. Boyd came to see through the tinsel and glamour of Hollywood and the martini-haze of the advertising world the challenge and the grandeur of the Cross. Like many godly men in ages before, he forsook the earthly enticement of his world, exchanged, as it were, the gray flannel suit and "sincere necktie" for the rough wool of the cassock. After study in seminary, where he had something of a tough time because of his previous fame and fortune—he was nagged mercilessly by students and faculty alike because of exaggerated newspaper stories, for example—he succeeded in earning a place in the life and worship of Pusey House at Oxford. While in England, Fr.



Boyd came to know Canon Southcott and others interested in the liturgical movement and social problems. He spent some months at Taizé, the famed 'protestant' monastery in France and from that vantage point was able to see the rebirth of French Christianity symbolized by the "worker-priest" movement as well as by the Taizé community itself. His first parish is St. George's, Indianapolis, where he was called on his return from Europe. Like all inner city churches in depressed neighborhoods, it is no sinecure for even the most experienced priest. Fr. Boyd's ministry there—only just begun—already promises to do much for the life of the community and the Diocese. Through his daily Mass, and the life of prayer and self-denial this young and gifted priest seeks to serve God's people, and with his pen no less than with his voice to convince them that "to serve God is to reign."

Both his books are valuable guides through the intellectual wilderness of our urban-industrial society, though this writer prefers "Crisis in Communication," his earlier work for continued reading and study. It is from this work that the Litany for Christian Communication is taken.

The Rev. Canon Frank V. H. Carthy
Rector All Saints' Indianapolis and
Executive Director of the Diocesan
Dept. of Christian Social Relations



Unto The Altar Of God

Benediction

BY ESTHER H. DAVIS

Now let Thy blessing fall upon me, Lord, as humbly still I kneel, filled with Thy grace and love. Thy mercy drew me from afar, nor would it let me go until it brought me to this holy place. Here in Thy sacrament of love have I received my God. Upon the altar I have found a deep, unending spring to which I bring the tiny vessel of my heart. So small it is and frail, so circumscribed, and yet Thou fillest it, as Thou dost all who come to taste the wonder of Thyself. I must not spill a single precious drop, as carefully with down-cast eyes and hands clasped lovingly in awe (for have they not touched Thee!) I leave our meeting place.

Now quietly I kneel while Thou within mysteriously dost fill each part of me. And still Thy graces come, beyond my asking or imagining. Thy threefold blessing circles me with love. Thy peace envelopes me and stays my heart and mind on Thee alone. Almighty God Thou art and yet the blessing of a Father Thou dost give, who walks beside me as I leave His house and holds my

hand through all my earthly life. The blessing of the Son is also mine, Who gave His life to save my wayward soul and still lays down a portion of Himself, upon the altar and within my heart, perpetually that my need may be filled. And finally, the Holy Ghost descends with blinding clarity, to be my mentor and my guide, to illuminate and sanctify my heart.

Past, present, future, here have ceased to be. Eternity alone remains as I partake of immortality. Thou hast preserved my body and my soul unto eternal life. But more than that, because Thou art, and art in me, my life has meaning, purpose, worth. Each act becomes a consecrated one, as now we work together, Thou and I. My body is Thy temple. All I do is done not only for but with my God. Thus shall it always be. With the psalmist I lift up my voice to sing of mercy, justice, love. Unto Thee, my Lord and maker, will I sing. Wisely shall I behave myself and walk henceforth within my house in peace.



Christians Watch Your Wake!

BY BROTHER AMBROSE, O.S.A.

Standing on the cloister of a monastery, overlooking the Hudson River, I recently saw a river steamer and a power launch sailing down towards New York City.

Since they were both under way, each left a wake fanning out astern.

At one point the wakes merged, the greater overcoming the less to a large extent.

Thomas Merton says in "No Man Is an Island," that all we do or say has a conscious or unconscious effect on others, very much like the two wakes of those boats I saw.



We are never sure what effect these ripples of our passage may have on those around us.

Once there were two school teachers who gave up their lunch hour, each school day

during Lent, in order to attend daily Mass. This was noticed by at least one of their pupils.

A man once told me that it was necessary to take the Church, the Sunday School, and Medicine to any place that people were. That is the Missionary Spirit.

These two examples may serve to demonstrate what effect a simple act of piety, or a single sentence, can have on those with whom we come in contact.

One day St. Francis said to one of his novices, "We go to the Market Place to preach and to teach." On their return the novice protested "Master, we did not preach a word in the Market." The saint then replied, "We preached by example of patience, charity, and good behaviour."

What effect does your wake have on those who are your neighbors?

Sailors are told, "Watch your wake, as damage done to moored boats by the waves of your wake can be charged to you."

Let all of us Christians watch our wake and make sure that what we do may be a favorable example to all those with whom we come in contact, at school, at work, and at play.

Let's End That Slander

BY JOSEPH H. BESSOM, O.H.C.

Stanley P. Stevens, organist and music teacher of Marblehead, Massachusetts, has a Sunday School class in St. Andrew's Church of that old town. He was far from amused to have his son and other pupils report that their public school classes were be-

ing taught that Henry VIII had founded the Church of England. This did not square with what Mr. Stevens (whom hereafter I'll call Stanley because we have been friends from boyhood) was teaching from official texts of our Church.

He did not take his annoyance out in ripes but decided to get the matter settled. A September letter to the School Committee received no reply, but Superintendent of Schools Aura W. Coleman took up the question with the salesman of the textbook concerned.

This salesman took a (too) quick look at the text and fired back a letter, "... Episcopal myself and Sunday School teacher.... See page 230 where book says, 'Henry established the Church of England'. . . . the word 'established' has a perfectly fair meaning this is misquotation unfair criticism"

To this hot reply Stanley answered, "... not page 230 but page 231 has the offensive error under the portrait of Henry the caption says, 'He founded the Church of England'. . . . Also 'established' is not satisfactory because the dictionary gives as some of its meanings 'originate,' 'create,' and 'found'. . . ." Stanley quoted his Diocesan, Bishop Stokes, his Rector, the Rev. Roy M. Grindy, and official publications of the P. E.

Church. These letters went to the salesman and to the unresponsive school committee.

Now fully convinced, the salesman apologised handsomely for his hasty mistake. He wrote to Superintendent Coleman to ask that he caution teachers using the "Story of Nations" to point out this error to their classes. He also brought the matter to the attention of the head of his department.

This official, the Social Studies Editor of Henry Holt and Company, Inc., agreed at once to make the necessary changes. Unfortunately, a new edition of the volume was even then being bound, but it was arranged that future issues would have two corrections by means of which no student would be misinformed as to the relations of Henry VIII and the Church of England. His very cordial letter to Stanley inclosed line-by-line improvements planned. The next edition, January, 1958, would state nothing about Henry as establishing or founding the Church of England. With this assurance, Stanley's argument with the publisher ended very happily. *(Continued on page 372)*

A Day Of Joy In Sing Sing

BY WILLIAM E. HARRIS, O.H.C.

October was an important month for the men in Sing Sing Prison under the spiritual direction of the Order of the Holy Cross. On Saturday, the 25th, The Rt. Rev. Charles Boynton, Suffragan Bishop of New York came to confirm seven of the group. Of the four men baptized a few weeks earlier, one was so happy as to send his baptismal certificate home to his mother—probably the greatest gift he had ever given her. All in the group were most faithful in coming to the classes of instruction which were held on Saturday afternoons throughout the summer and were eager to learn and ask many questions about the Faith.

We arrived at Sing Sing carrying our vestments, myself carrying a huge bouquet of white chrysanthemums (which caused

someone to ask if we were going to a wedding!) Our party was met by Sergeant O'Brien and escorted to our chapel. There we were met by our efficient sacristan (and relieved of the flowers, which were placed on the altar).

The chapel of the Episcopal Church at Sing Sing is quite lovely with its altar backed by a red damask reredos curtain upon which hangs a crucifix. There is also a Lady statue and stations of the Cross. We are fortunate in having a reed organ which is played by one of our men.

Bishop Boynton, after confirming the men, gave an excellent talk and celebrated the Holy Communion. Fr. Lloyd, rector of Trinity Church, Ossining, N. Y., was chaplain to the Bishop and I presented the candidates.

Fr. McKinney, the Roman Catholic Chaplain, kindly let us use the sacristy, where the Bishop and Fr. Lloyd vested. It was really thrilling to listen to our men sing and make the responses at the service. Fr. Lloyd commented that he had attended many confirmation services but had never felt the presence of the Holy Spirit as at this particular service.

Our men always make their Communions fasting and special provision is made for their breakfasts after the Masses. On Saturday the chief sacristan prepared a light breakfast and set a table for the Bishop and his group. The Bishop and Fr. Lloyd both remarked how cordial and helpful all the officials and men were. It was a very happy

occasion and one of those events which remain long in one's memory.

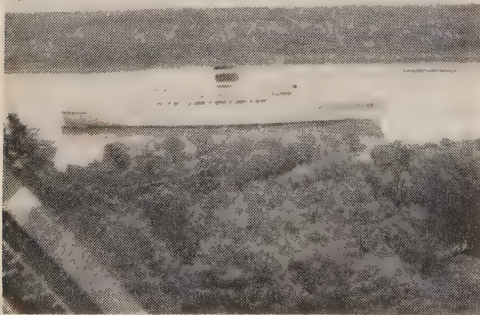
In the entrance to the prison assembly hall where the chapels are located there is a huge sign listing all the religious services. On the Episcopal Church's bulletin there is a listing of times when confessions are heard, so none of the men in Sing Sing should have any doubts on our Church's teaching of this Sacrament. Those men who do regularly attend our Masses also make their confessions.

For this and for conferences with the men we go to Sing Sing every Saturday afternoon. The Order of the Holy Cross has held services at the prison without fail on every Sunday for twenty-six years. We are truly grateful for this missionary opportunity.

The Order Of The Holy Cross

West Park Notes

When the *Santa Paula* made her maiden voyage, to Albany, many of the brethren went up on the roof and waved. They were rewarded with three whistle toots. Brother Ambrose, who is sojourning with us, took this photo.



With two exceptions, the Novitiate made an outing, up the Thruway to St. George's. Schenectady to hear Frs. Bicknell and Stevens conduct a Parochial Mission in the old colonial church of our Associate Priest, Fr. Kirby. Supper was enjoyed in the parish house, the well attended service was very inspiring, and the Rector had all in for refreshments before they returned.

The two exceptions were Brothers Joseph and Jude, who were away on their pre-clothing vacations and received the habit at All Saints'.

There was a weekend when we looked around at table in amazement: there was not a single guest. Some of us could not remember such as occasion before. A group of retreatants had not shown up.

Otherwise, the month has been as popular as any in terms of retreats. The group from Union Seminary was an impressive one.

Brother Charles made his junior vows on the 4th of November.

Carloads of youngsters from up and down the Valley are with us often of a Sunday

ernoon. We have had to print a special edition of Vespers for them, for want of efficient breviaries to pass around. Usually they see the place, hear a talk about the life and purpose of the Order, and stay for services. The lot from St. Paul's, Poughkeepsie, however, brought their own food and lingered for a lecture on the Liberian Mission, given with slides, by Brother Michael.

Most of the Community went down to St. George's Church, Newburgh to see Sister Irene take her life vows in the Order of St. Helena. Celebrant, sacred ministers, and choir were from O.H.C. The Sisters also were a choir with which we joined in everything but the Te Deum.

The Father Superior had a pleasant series of Clothings and Junior and Life Vows at West Park and Newburgh before he left for the West Coast. After engagements in San Francisco he went to spend almost a month at Santa Barbara.

Bishop Campbell returned on the 7th after his retreats and sermons in the South, his visit at St. Andrew's School and illness at the Sewanee Hospital.

Fr. Hawkins conducted a retreat at the house of the Redeemer the 1-3rd; preached at All Saints' Cathedral, Milwaukee and went on to have a day with the Oblates of St. Calvary at Racine, 16-17th; he met with the Oblates of the greater New York area the 24th.

Fr. Baldwin gave missions at Severna Park, Maryland, 1-9th and at Fairport, N. Y. the 22nd.

Fr. Bessom had a school of prayer at Trinity Church, Martinsburg, West Virginia and gave a talk about the Liberian Mission at St. Paul's Church, Washington. He spoke at New Market, Maryland and he preached at New Windsor two Sundays.

Fr. Terry conducted a school of prayer at St. Paul's, Washington, D. C., 1-3rd and went to Canada for visits in the theological schools, a mission at Trinity College, and

school of prayer at St. Mary's, Hamilton.

Br. Michael gave an address at the Church of the Atonement, Brooklyn, 23rd. On the following weekend he gave a quiet evening for the young people of All Souls' Church and began a children's mission in Brooklyn.

Br. Paul gave a talk at Woodhaven, L. I. on the 23rd and a communion breakfast address at Mt. Arlington, N. J. on Advent Sunday.

Br. Charles assisted in the Trinity College, Ontario Mission.

December Duties

The Superior hopes to return from his western engagements on the 9th and to get documents, inoculations, etc., to prepare, by means of a two-day stay in New York, for his late January visitation to Liberia.

Bishop Campbell will give a retreat for the Sisters on the 22nd and for ourselves on the 23rd.

Fr. Hawkins goes to Toronto to conduct retreats for the Sisters of the Church from the end of the month into January. He has appointments for confessions in Kingston and Albany institutions earlier.

Fr. Baldwin has missions in Wallkill State Prison, 2-6th and at Keyport, N. J., 7-14th.

Fr. Bessom speaks to the Seabury Club of M.I.T. on the 4th.

Fr. Terry gives a school of religion in Simsbury, Conn., during the first Advent weekend. He will visit Seminarists Associate at Berkeley, New Haven.

Br. Michael completes the children's mission begun in late November at the Church of St. Michael and St. Mark, Brooklyn.

The Order of Saint Helena

Newburgh Notes

The highlight of November was the Life Profession of Sister Clare at St. George's Church on the 6th.

Activities during December include a School of Prayer for associates and friends on the 4th and a Quiet Day on the 6th. Sister Josephine will conduct a mission at St. Michael and St. Mark's, Brooklyn, December 5th through 12th and will participate in a corporate Communion for New York associates on the 13th. Sister Alice will give a School of Religion in Montrose, N. Y., the 17th through the 19th. On December 22nd, a Holy Cross Father will conduct the community's Christmas retreat.

Christmas at the convent—even if we set out to write a volume or two about this

glorious season, we just couldn't do real justice to all the blessings that come to us. It is the custom that on Christmas Eve we bring in a large fir tree cut from the woods. Then the decorating begins. The tree is set in the reception room, and a motley assortment of decorations—old ornaments collected over a long stretch of years, Mardi Gras beads brought to us from New Orleans, homemade paper angels, and the like—are heaped along the branches. After Compline and a couple of hours of sleep, we go into Newburgh for the midnight Eucharist at St. George's Church, where everyone literally glows with the special joy of participating in the Christmas mass, singing the familiar carols, and listening to the high, sweet voices of the children's choir.

Versailles Notes

Our October Chronicle failed to record Sister Frances' third trip to the West Virginia Diocesan Conference Center in Wheeling to conduct a retreat October 23rd to 24th. Sister Rachel attended a meeting of the

Council of the Episcopal School Association in Washington November 7th and 8th.

On November 2nd our Diocesan, Bishop

Moody, visited the school and confirmed two girls in our school chapel.

(Continued from page 368)

In January, five months after he began writing its members, the school committee wrote to declare that teachers would inform all students that the statements were wrong about Henry's founding of the Church of England. Thus all the higher-ups seemed agreed that Episcopalians should be freed from slander in the public schools.

But the next year pupils' complaints still showed that the teachers of Marblehead High School were again cheerfully teaching the Henrician authorship of our parent Church. Then the rector entered the fray. He insisted on meeting the teachers before classes resumed after the weekend. At this gathering he (a former teacher and principal) outlined the historical facts about the

Church of England. All agreed that students be told about the textual error and care be taken to avoid misstatements in classroom. Finally, a rubber stamp would be employed to call attention to the chief error, that on page 231. Mr. Stevens is preparing to keep eyes and ears alert when school resumes.

So one layman is doing his part and helping others. Perhaps you are paying taxes to have books bought and taught which vilify your Church. Why not look into the question of what texts are used in the Social Studies to see how they deal with Anglicanism? If it is used or is to be used in your school, we urge that the "Story of Nations" (by Rogers, Adams, and Brown, published by Holt) be ordered or reordered in its 1958, or corrected edition.

On November 1st the Current Events Club gave us a panel discussion on Formosa. Our Sophomores and a Senior, under the direction of Sister Mary Michael, commented on the situation there from the point of view of geography, political science and morality, and answered our questions afterwards. On November 8th the members of the Club were excused from regular classes to represent America at the model United Nations meeting at Transylvania College in Lexington.



"We eat for good causes"

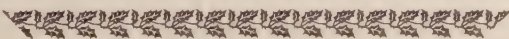
In answer to the request of a number of our girls last year for discussion groups on the subject of religion, we scheduled a series of six, on the Tuesdays and Thursdays of the first three weeks in November. The group was limited to the first twenty-five who signed up, with priority given to the older girls. Father Hosea, of St. John's, Versailles, led the discussion. He started it off by asking each girl to write down, without qualifications, her answer to the following question: "Would you say that you worship God with your body, or with your spirit?" They spent the rest of the meetings grappling with the stubborn fact that Christianity is a sacramental religion.

The first of the four annual school dances was held on November 8th. This is an informal dance, which includes the 8th graders. The 7th grade party, on the 15th, was officially a Barn Dance, although Rock n' Roll formed part of the program, along with square dancing.

November is the month for the Hockey Tournament, and for the Faculty-Student Hockey Game. The latter event, between young seasoned players, and a combination of has-beens and greenhorns, is a study in compassion on the one hand and courage on the other, in which the Young usually hand the victory to their elders on a silver platter.

The school continues to eat often for good causes. There are hot dogs regularly on Sunday evenings, cooked and sold by the Juniors for the Chapel Fund. On Saturday afternoons there is often a "Canteen" prepared and served by a group of girls who adopted a needy family last year to work off the energy that they had been using in mildly destructive escapades. The Yearbook Staff sold Smores at their Hallowe'en Carnival. The Student Council sells candy "on floor" after Study Hall twice a week, and once a month the Cercle Polyglotte fills in a candyless evening with Pâtisseries Françaises from the local bakery. To offset all this eating, Friday dinners are always dessertless, and the money saved in the kitchen is put away and used at the end of the year for feeding hungry people through Care packages.

A good many girls were away for the Thanksgiving week-end, even though we have school on Friday as usual. Some parents come to take out a crowd for Thanksgiving dinner, and then wait and take their child home on Friday. The whole school goes to Mass together in our chapel before any exodus takes place on Thanksgiving Day. There were guests visiting and making a retreat at the convent over the week-end.



Christmas Pages

It would be appropriate not to start reading this section until Christmas Eve.



MADONNA AND CHILD

by Albrecht Durer

Full Joy of Christmas to All Our Readers!

Meditation On The Manger

HORT PREPARATION: Let the soul breathe the fresh air of heaven with the saying of the *Kyrie*, *The Lord's Prayer*, the *Hail Mary*, and *Saint Joseph: pray for us*. Then in the spirit of kneeling in the sanctuary of God's presence, let the hands of the soul be held up as a throne to receive the coming of the King of Love.

* * *

A ray of clear cool night slipped through an opening in the rough-hewn boards and shed the quiet softness of the inner stable. What shadows there were seemed unconcerned with their bounds, and the light as her caressed the darkness then expelled from sight. A slight movement in the straw as a dog swished his tail in a limp friendly wag, was not unheard in the silence of the night.

And the night was holy. Almost as silently as the trackless movement of a Star, the hosts of heaven touched the tip of their noses to earth, and He Who for some nine months had been tabernacled beneath the mantle of a pure Virgin, slipped through the portals of life, and was born Emmanuel. The intimacy which began with the overshadowing of the power of the Highest was now transformed, and she who had carried her Son under her heart, now rejoiced to adore Him Whom she could hold in her arms. The Nativity was the severing of one relationship, only in order to inaugurate a new one. The priceless Possession of a pure maiden, was now joyfully surrendered to the whole world. The eager humble gladness which had whispered: "Be it done unto me according to thy word," was now swelled to a choir of heavenly host singing: "Joy to the world! The Lord is come!"

"Joy to the world" because of what happened in a backyard stable. Because what happened there on a silent night, was the coming of a Light to lighten an eternal night. Because what happened once and for all to the holy Mater Dei is, in a sense, repeated in the countless souls of those who

are themselves born of God into the life of her Son. Her bringing forth of her first-born Child is but to be translated into our bringing forth of her Son to the joy of our world. By none is this being accomplished, as it has never been accomplished, without the "nine months" of intimate preparation, without that time most certainly marked by travail. As the holy Apostle lovingly addressed the churches of Galatia; "My little children of whom I travail in birth again, until Christ be formed in you."

The joy of the Nativity is not now, nor ever shall be, whisked from the earth like "the memory of a guest that tarrieth but a night." In the "silent nights" of prayer and meditation, in the welcome "stables" of humble souls, Christ is formed in dedicated lives and brought forth with that joy that *the* Man is yet once again born into the world.

So another Christ's Mass fills with radiant significance another scene. It can have its setting anywhere, and in fact will have it 'anywheres.' Here and there throughout the world, a little child perhaps, or those who are striving to become such, will draw nigh to the Bethlehem of the Christmas Crib, and kneeling there before the simple figures learn by gazing to fashion their souls a fit habitation in which the Holy Child may be formed. They too, will be patient, and tender, and quiet, and humble, and long for their bringing forth, that in the presence of the angels of God joy may surge up afresh. Man will see that the Christmas Crib, far from "the symbol of an event that has its place in the distant past, while only the memory of that event belongs to the present," is set in churches and chapels to speak to our world of a never ceasing action. May God grant that man will hear not only the tones of carol, and chant, and hymn, but the swelling chorus of redeemed lives made eternally young in the joyous surrender of bringing forth the Savior, Christ the Lord!

(Reprinted from Dec. 1949)



AND THE WORD WAS MADE FLESH

How silent, How swift, How sweet are His comings.

His comings are silent, noiseless, secret, quiet

Without any sound, and yet swift

Swift, but without haste, or wasted motion

Without strain or tension

His comings are swift with the swiftness that Comes from knowing the Father's Will and doing it

And that makes the swiftness sweet.

How silent, How swift, How sweet are His comings.

That's the way He was born, That's the way He came to earth.

There are so many symbols to describe the noiseless, swift, sweet, downward movement of His coming to earth.

Thine Almighty word leapeth down from Heaven out of Thy Royal Throne.

While quiet silence contained all things and night was in the midway of her course

Thine Own Omnipotent Word sallied out of Heaven from the Royal Seats.

He shall come down like the rain upon the mown grass,

as the drops that water the earth.
 The Saviour of the world shall arise as the
 sun
 and come down into the Virgin's womb as
 the showers upon the grass.
 That day the mountains shall drop down
 new wine.

When Thou wast born ineffably of a Virgin
 when were the Scriptures fulfilled
 Thou earnest down like rain into a fleece of
 wool.

How silently, How swiftly, How sweetly
 Thou rain into a fleece of wool
 There was no sound
 The lightning streaking down the sky
 Thou plunge into Purgatory after death
 That plunge to be purified in order to see
 the Lord
 The snow falling

Like the warmth of the sun coming down

On water
 on grass
 on flowers
 on your face

Christ came down like rain into a fleece of
 wool

There was no sound

How silent, How swift, How sweet was Thy
 budding

O Root of Jesse

How silent, How swift, How swift was Thy
 shining

O Star of Judah

How silent, How swift, How sweet was Thy
 turning

O Key of David

How silent, How swift, How sweet was the
 coming

of Shiloh

How silent, How swift, How sweet was the
 Day-Spring

How silently, How swiftly, How sweetly was
 the Word made Flesh.

How silently, How swiftly, How sweetly did
 He rise from the dead.

When He arose

How silently, Swiftly, Sweetly

As it like smoke going up

Like leaves being lifted up in the wind

Like driving in the snow up-hill

Like water rising

Like the pools being filled with water

Like coming to the surface after touching the
 bottom of the lake

Was it like the upward surge from Purgatory
 into the Face of the Lord,

The Saviour of the world shall arise as the
 Sun

Was it like the rising of the sun
 the moon
 the stars

How silent, How swift, How sweet was Thy
 rising O Star of Judah

How silent, How swift, How sweet was Thy
 Rebudding O Root of Jesse

How silent, How swift, How sweet was Thy
 Returning O Shiloh

How silent, How swift, How sweet was Thy
 turning in the grave O Key of David

Was His rising like lifting up one's eyes unto
 the hills

Like lifting up one's hands as an evening
 sacrifice

Like lifting up one's heart

Was it like gladness lifting up one's heart

Was it like lifting up the light of His counte-
 nance upon us.

How silently, How swiftly, How sweetly did
 gladness come into the world

At Thy coming, At Thy rising O Son of God
 At the lifting up of Thyself

Now will I rise, saith the Lord

Now will I be exalted

Now will I lift up Myself,

How silently, How swiftly, How sweetly
 Did He rise

How silently, How swiftly, How sweetly
 Was He exalted

How silently, How swiftly, How sweetly
 Did He lift up Himself.

How silently, How swiftly, How sweetly
 Does He now come in the Eucharist.

How silently, How swiftly, How sweetly
 Does He say

Let Me come into your heart

Like rain into a fleece of wool

How silently, How swiftly, How sweetly
 Does He say

Lift up your heart.

How can I lift up my heart — it is locked
 tight and bound fast to the earth by a
 long established pattern of thinking

which is based on the premise that something must be wrong with every thing, so why not look for it.

If I could, if I would open my heart
If I could, if I would lift it up unto the Lord
Then would I think as one risen from the dead

And each day would be — This is the day
which the Lord has made, I will rejoice
and be glad in it.

What soever things are true
Whatsoever things are honest
Whatsoever things are just
Whatsoever things are pure
Whatsoever things are lovely
Whatsoever things are of good report

Think on these things

For by the color of the thoughts the soul is dyed.

Silently, Swiftly, Sweetly
Give Me your heart, saith the Lord
And I will come into your heart
Like rain into a fleece of wool
And I will lift up your heart
Silently, Swiftly, Sweetly
Now will I lift up your heart
Even as I lifted up Myself when I rose from the dead

If you will will to let Me love you.

Silently, Swiftly, Sweetly He comes to help

—By a Sister of the Order of Saint Helena

Get Ready For Christmas

BY IRENE BARTON
(Continued)

Now if the family is inclined, it can have little ceremonies similar to those of Advent, and carrying on those of Advent, as the additional figures are placed. For instance, have one child carry in the Christ Child (preferably a figure separate from the straw-filled Manger which has been waiting and empty) as the last act before bedtime on Christmas Eve, with all four of the Advent candles lighted—and an extra white one for the Baby! while the rest sing one or more appropriate hymns. This helps them to realize that it is the birth of Christ which makes Christmas, not the coming of Santa Claus! (He can have his place later.) This also could be utilized in a Church School. But be sure that the Holy Family are wearing halos, as it gives one a chance to answer questions as to what it is by telling youngsters that the halo light signifies the invisible glory which God sees there surrounding the saint. All children love this placing of the figure of Jesus in the crib, and the previous waiting with an empty space in the Manger for a day or two only makes it seem more real and more suspenseful. On Christmas day, if they can wait until morning, the Shepherds with their sheep can come. The best time to have

the Wise Men arrive with the camels is, logically, on Epiphany; but I find this most difficult for children to wait for or to understand. Sometimes the tree gets too dry to leave up for that length of time. If it is explained that an unknown period of time up to two years may have elapsed, so that they know the truth, then it may be that these figures can be put on the outer edge of the table on Christmas day and moved a few inches at a time so that one sees them "traveling" toward the Star for a few days. Finally, at some point after Christmas morning, all three Wise Men are offering their gifts close to the Shepherds, and our scene is complete. Or, perhaps the day after Christmas, the Shepherds could be moved away from the front of the creche as you teach the story of the Wise Men's miraculous journey. It is more interesting to have a slight difference in placement and emphasis daily, so as to keep the attention of the children better.

Sometimes the children voluntarily take this drama up and ask if they can wear their pageant costumes, or make some of dish towels, old dresses, etc., and act it out completely on the spur of the moment. This kind of educational play should always be encouraged.

ol, even if mother has to forget about the
decorations on the cookies or looping the big
bow on Uncle Ernie's necktie box. The
s of our children are partially in our
ads, and as parents it is our job to keep
of God's way when he is trying to teach
en something. As they question you about
meaning of Christmas, be ready also to
power them, teach them, get out the Bible
read to them to relate their plaster
ares to the Church. This world is only a
inning; we will not leave it spiritually
ashed. Let us set the stage, then, for the
on of the Holy Spirit, and not impede
way, but set before our children's eyes
truth, so that they can be prepared here
eternal life. We will all of us find our

Gift, then, beneath the tree on Christmas
morning; for the Father has already wrapped
Him in swaddling clothes and laid Him
there!



Christmas Blessings for the Home

*The following devotions may be used on
Christmas Eve, in whole or in part, at any
convenient time when the family is gathered
together. While it is customary for the
father, as head of the family, to act as leader,
blessings may be read by any older mem-
ber of the family, or the reading may be
read by the children.*

BLESSING OF THE TREE

Other or Leader. Our help is in the name
of the Lord.

V. Who hath made heaven and earth.

Antiphon (all). All the trees of the wood
shout for joy before the lord, for He
cometh.

*Psalm 96 (read by leader alternately with
the rest of the family).*

SING unto the Lord a new son; * sing
unto the Lord, all the whole earth.

2 Sing unto the Lord, and praise his
name; * be telling of his salvation from day
to day.

3 Declare his honour unto the heathen,
and his wonders unto all peoples.

4 For the Lord is great, and cannot wor-
ship be praised; * he is more to be feared
than all gods.

5 As for all the gods of the heathen, they
are but idols; * but it is the Lord that made
the heavens.

6 Glory and worship are before him;
* power and honour are in his sanctuary.

7 Ascribe unto the Lord, O ye kindreds
of the peoples, * ascribe unto the Lord wor-
ship and power.

8 Ascribe unto the Lord the honour due
unto his Name; * bring presents, and come
into his courts.

9 O worship the Lord in the beauty of
holiness; * let the whole earth stand in awe
of him.

10 Tell it out among the heathen, that the
Lord is King, and that it is he who hath
made the round world so fast that it cannot
be moved; * and how that he shall judge the
peoples righteously.

11 Let the heavens rejoice, and let the
earth be glad; * let the sea make a noise,
and all that therein is.

12 Let the field be joyful, and all that is
in it; * then shall all the trees of the wood
rejoice before the Lord.

13 For he cometh, for he cometh to judge
the earth; * and with righteousness to judge
the world, and the peoples with his truth.

Antiphon repeated (all). All the trees of the

wood shout for joy before the Lord, for
He cometh.

*A Lesson from the Prophet Ezekiel, 17:22
24 (leader)*

Thus saith the Lord God; I will also take
of the highest branch of the high cedar, and
will set it, I will crop off from the top of his
young twigs a tender one, and will plant it
upon a high mountain and eminent: In the
mountain of the height of Israel will I plant
it: and it shall bring forth boughs, and bear
fruit, and be a goodly cedar: and under it
shall dwell all fowl of every wing; in the
shadow of the branches thereof shall they
dwell. And all the trees of the field shall
know that I the Lord have brought down
the high tree, have exalted the low tree, have
dried up the green tree, and have made the
dry tree to flourish: I the Lord have spoken
and have done it.

All. Thanks be to God.

Leader. And there shall come forth a shoot.

All. Out of the root of Jesse.

Leader. Christ is the tree of life.

All. We are the branches.

Leader. In Him was life.

All. And the life was the light of men.

Leader. O Lord hear my prayer.

All. And let my cry come unto Thee.

Leader. The Lord be with you.

All. And with thy spirit.

Let us pray. Holy Lord, Father Almighty,
Eternal God, Who hast caused Thy Son,
Our Lord Jesus Christ, to be planted like
a tree of life in Thy Church, bless, we be-
seach Thee, this tree that all who see it
may be filled with a holy desire to be
grafted as living branches into the same
Our Lord Jesus Christ; and grant that as
we have adorned this tree so our souls
may be adorned by Thy graces, that we
may come to behold Him who is eternal
Light and Beauty, the same Jesus Christ,
Thy Son, our Lord.

All. Amen.

BLESSING OF A CRIB

Antiphon (all). O great mystery and won-
derful sign, dumb beasts saw the newborn
Lord lying in a crib.

Leader. *The Holy Gospel according to
Luke, chapter 2, verses 15 through 20.*
When the angels went away from them into
heaven, the shepherds said to one another
"Let us go over to Bethlehem and see this
thing that has happened, which the Lord has
made known to us." And they went with
haste, and found Mary and Joseph, and the
babe lying in a manger. And when they saw
it they made known the saying which had
been told them concerning this child; and
who heard it wondered at what the shepherds
told them. But Mary kept all these things
pondering them in her heart. And the shep-
herds returned, glorifying and praising God
for all they had heard and seen, as it had
been told them.

All. Praise be to Thee, O Christ.

Leader. The Lord be with you.

All. And with thy spirit.

Let us pray. O Lord, Almighty God, Who
didst decree that Thy only begotten Son
should be born in a stable and laid in a
manger, bless, we beseech Thee, this crib
which we have prepared in honor of the
new birth in the flesh of Thy Son Jesus
Christ, that all who look upon this image
of the mystery of His Incarnation may be
filled with the light of His glory, Who
with Thee liveth and reigneth in the unity
of the Holy Spirit, God, world without
end.

All. Amen.

BLESSING OF A CHRIST CANDLE

*A Christ Candle is a large candle light-
ed on Christmas Eve as a symbol of Christ, the
Light of the World. It may be made at home
and decorated, if desired, with liturgical and
signs related to the Nativity.*

Let us pray. O God, Who hast enlightened
this most holy night with the beams of
Thy one true Light, bless, we beseech
Thee, this candle that its flame may be a
sign to all who see it a sign of Christ, the Light

the World; and grant that we, who have known the mystery of His light on earth, may also attain to His joys in heaven. Who liveth and reigneth with Thee and the Holy Ghost, ever One God, world without end.
Amen.

BENEDICTION

The Lord bless us and keep us. The Lord make His face to shine upon us, and be gracious unto us. The Lord lift up His countenance upon us, and give us peace, this night and evermore. Amen.

Reader. Today shall ye know that the Lord will come and deliver you: and in the morning ye shall see the glory of the Lord.

BLESSING OF CHRISTMAS BREADS AND CAKES

This blessing may be used for cookies, fruit cakes, or any Christmas foods, either on Christmas Eve or earlier, whenever the goods are prepared.

Let us pray. O God, Creator of all things, Who has caused our land to bring forth fruit, Who givest wine to gladden the heart of man and bread to strengthen man's heart, graciously bless, we beseech Thee, this (.....) prepared in honor of the birth of Thy Son, that all who eat it may have health of body and soul. Through Jesus Christ, Our Lord, the living bread that came down from heaven and giveth life and salvation to the world: Who liveth and reigneth with Thee in the unity of the Holy Ghost, forever and ever.

Amen.

This compilation of Christmas Blessings made by Dorothy R. Schneider. She will be remembered for her August article, "The Hands of a Carpenter." Her selections have been made from several sources. If desired, a booklet or folder may be prepared with these forms. N.B., although in an official liturgical service of the Church, only an ordained person may say, "The Lord be with us," that expression of blessing is used in official rites at home, etc.—Ed.



Cut this out for your breviary to save turning pages; or send a self-addressed, stamped envelope for a copy.

Benedictus. St. Luke i. 68.

BLESSED be the Lord God of Israel; * for he hath visited and redeemed his people;
And hath raised up a mighty salvation for us, * in the house of his servant David;

As he spake by the mouth of his holy Prophets, * which have been since the world began;

That we should be saved from our enemies, * and from the hand of all that hate us.

To perform the mercy promised to our forefathers, * and to remember his holy covenant;

To perform the oath which he sware to our forefather Abraham, * that he would give us;

That we being delivered out of the hand of our enemies * might serve him without fear;

In holiness and righteousness before him, * all the days of our life.

And thou, child, shalt be called the prophet of the Highest: * for thou shalt go before the face of the Lord to prepare his ways;

To give knowledge of salvation unto his people * for the remission of their sins,

Through the tender mercy of our God; * whereby the day-spring from on high hath visited us;

To give light to them that sit in darkness, and in the shadow of death, * and to guide our feet into the way of peace.

CHRISTMAS SONG

*Hush, oh hush, cold wind, in the holy night!
Silently gleams on high the Natal Star,
Angels with bled breath stay poised in flight
Waiting triumphant signal from afar.*

*Lift, oh lift, gold angels, your trumpets bright!
Peal now your ringing herald song of joy.
Heaven streams forth divine eternal light
Straight to a lowly stable and new-born boy.*

*Gaze, oh gaze, sweet Virgin, full of grace!
Tiny curled hands now flutter on thy breast,
Infant and holy eyes first sight thy face,
Thine arms now give Eternal Love a nest.*

*Love, or love, redeemed, thy Christ so born!
Little and helpless babe He came alone
Subject to man's free choice to love or scorn.
Only our love can for His death atone.*

—FAITH CLEAVELAND BOOTH



Magnificat. St. Luke i. 46.

MY soul doth magnify the Lord,* and my spirit
hath rejoiced in God my Saviour.

For he hath regarded * the lowliness of his hand-
maiden.

For behold, from henceforth * all generations
shall call me blessed.

For he that is mighty hath magnified me; * and
holy is his Name.

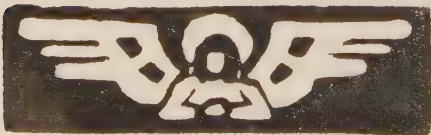
And his mercy is on them that fear him *
throughout all generations.

He hath showed strength with his arm; * he hath
scattered the proud in the imagination of their hearts.

He hath put down the mighty from their seat, *
and hath exalted the humble and meek.

He hath filled the hungry with good things; *
and the rich he hath sent empty away.

He remembering his mercy hath holpen his serv-
ant Israel; * as he promised to our forefathers,
Abraham and his seed, for ever.



VISITATION

“The Dayspring from on high
hath visited us.”

The morning star
In all the cycles of this earth
Has never been so luminous
As at this season of the Christ Child's
birth.

The strange new light
On Bethlehem's hillside centuries ago
Seems caught and held forever
In its glow.

Reminding shadowed ages, dark and
long,
Of wondering shepherds and an angel's
song.

—Roberta Newton Taylor

An Ordo of Worship and Intercession Dec. 1958 - Jan. 1959

- 5 Tuesday V Mass of Advent iii col 2) Advent i—for all schools of prayer, missions, and retreats
- 7 Ember Wednesday V Proper Mass col 2) Advent i—for all studying for Holy Orders
- 8 Thursday V Mass of Advent iii col 2) Advent i—for the sick and suffering
- 9 Ember Friday V as on December 17—for all to be ordained
- 0 Ember Saturday V as on December 17—for all in military service, especially chaplains
- 1 4th Sunday in Advent V col 2) Advent i cr pref of Trinity—for the conversion of the Jews and Muslims
- 2 St Thomas Apostle Double II Cl R gl col 2) Advent i cr pref of Apostles—for the Church in India, especially concerning reunion
- 3 Tuesday V Mass of Advent iv col 2) Advent i—for the life and work of OHC
- 4 Vigil of Christmas V col 2) Advent i Gradual without Alleluia—for the Sisterhood of the Holy Nativity
- 5 Christmas Day Double I Cl W gl cr pref of Christmas till Epiphany unless otherwise directed at third Mass Last Gospel of Epiphany—in thanksgiving for the gift of salvation through the Incarnation
- 6 St Stephen Deacon and Martyr Double II Cl R gl col 2) Christmas cr—for the Society of St Stephen
- 7 St John Apostle and Evangelist Double II Cl W gl col 2) Christmas cr—for the Society of St John the Evangelist
- 8 Holy Innocents Double II Cl R gl col 2) Christmas cr—for the Christian training of children
- 9 St Thomas of Canterbury BM Double W gl col 2) Christmas cr—for the Church of England
- 0 Within the Octave Double W Mass of Sunday gl cr—for all missions
- 1 St Sylvester BC Double W gl col 2) Christmas cr—for the Oblates of Mount Calvary
- January 1 Circumcision of Our Lord Double II W gl col 2) Christmas cr—for the sanctification of the faithful
- 2 Friday W Mass of Circumcision gl—for peace with justice
- 3 Saturday W Mass of Circumcision gl—for the Seminarists Associate
- 4 2nd Sunday after Christmas Double W gl cr—for the Sisters of the Holy Name
- 5 Monday W Mass of Christmas ii gl—for the Society of St Dismas
- 6 Epiphany of Our Lord Double I Cl cr prop pref through the Octave—in thanksgiving for our Lord's revelation
- 7 Of the Octave W gl—for the Confraternity of the Christian Life
- 8 Of the Octave W gl—for all who mourn
- 9 Of the Octave W gl—for the Order of St Helena
- 0 Of St Mary Simple W gl col 2) St Paul the First Hermit C 3) Epiphany pref BVM (Veneration)—for more vocations to religious orders
- 1 1st Sunday after Epiphany Double W gl col 2) Epiphany cr—for Christian family life
- 2 Of the Octave W gl—for the Priests Associate
- 3 Octave of the Epiphany Gr Double W gl cr—for the Confraternity of the Love of God
- 4 St Hilary BCD Double W gl cr—for the Church in France
- 5 Thursday G Mass of Epiphany i col 2) St Maurus Ab—for the Companions of OHC
- 6 Friday G Mass of Epiphany i—for kindness to animals

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... Press Notes ...

I think I should tell you that these Notes were written on November 6th, because much may have changed between that date and the date you are reading the Magazine.

First of all, about General Convention. Fr. Taylor O.H.C. and I flew to Miami Beach on October third. A very tiring trip for me. Next day we went to the Deauville Hotel Convention Headquarters, registered and waited all day for the display booth to be prepared for us. At six P. M. we could put in our display of the Holy Cross Press items. Then I went to bed unable to walk; was taken care of by the Emergency Medical Center and on Sunday morning was entered into St. Francis Hospital for examination and some treatment. A very efficient young doctor soon found the source of trouble and kept me there for five days. On release from the hospital I returned to our hotel, rented a wheel chair and then the fun began. Fr. Taylor was an excellent and untiring attendant, always watching out for me, pushing the chair wherever we had to go. It must have been some sight, the white-robed monk pushing little me along the walk to the Deauville Hotel. Wish some one had snapped a picture of it. It is surprising how everyone helped with doors, etc., always asking if they could help in any way. One almost felt like a V.I.P. with all this service. We would spend several hours at the H.C.P. booth both morning and afternoon. Then I would be wheeled out to the beach for a sun bath and Fr. Taylor for swimming and surf bathing. We felt we were living the life of Riley. Our hotel was comfortable but not plush!

I actually saw nothing of the Convention meetings and have very little knowledge of

what was done. I did attend a Sunday Service which was a surprise. It was Choral Eucharist, a Bishop (in chasuble) celebrant and preacher, a large choir, all a very satisfying worship. To me it showed how far our Church has advanced since my first contact with General Convention in 1916. No such service could be possible as an official service of Convention at that date. On this day it seemed to be the normal thing.

You know, of course, that Miami Beach is predominantly Hebrew from A to Z. Such gaudy showiness and overdone decoration—everything done on the "big scale" etc. Against this background showed in a report of a service at St. Stephen's, Coconut Grove when a "SOLOMON" High Mass was celebrated.

Fr. Taylor was written of thus: "probably one of the most easily identified priests among the many . . . is 'that man in white'." He did much for Religious Orders, both at our booth and that of the Council of Religious Communities—next door to us.

Even though I may have been a handicapped man I feel that God's hand was guiding me all through. I had longed to be on the seashore and I was either on the beach each day for a while, or I could see the ocean from my room both at the hospital or hotel. And God guided me to a doctor who located my trouble—which I have tried to find for a year. And I am writing this in a Kingston hospital where physician and surgeon are carrying out the Miami Beach findings. Some day soon I expect to be entirely back on the job. Thanks be to God for His guidance and the prayers of so many people.

*We of the Staff of Holy Cross Press pray
that you will have a Blessed and
Merry Christmas*